The Sketch

No. 2558—Vol. CXCVII. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1942. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

EVELYN LAYE AS "THE BELLE."

With nostalgic memories theatre-goers went to the London Coliseum première of "The Belle of New York," to see EVELYN LAYE *in the rôle which was Edna May's New York and London triumph in the 'nineties. As the Salvation Army lass, Miss Laye's loveliness is calculated to attract many a convert.*
Further pictures will be found in this issue.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Boys Will be Boys. A great pother has been caused because an unofficial political committee has recommended that British boys (and girls ?—I am not sure) should be compelled to join Youth Organisations. It is not my intention here to discuss the merits or demerits of the proposal, and certainly not any political aspects which it may be thought to have. What interests me is the powerful reaction to the scheme in a good many quarters. I leave aside the description of the proposal as "Fascist," because, after all, in political circles the terms "Fascist," "Communist," "Bolshevik" and "Tory" are merely abusive epithets which you hurl at your opponent whenever (which is always) you happen to disagree with him. (There was a time when almost the most damning name you could fling at a man was "Liberal"—*vide* Meredith's "Beauchamp's Career.") Apart from this customary interchange of courtesies, there has been a loud outcry against the compulsory element of the scheme.

"The Commander says you must bring the diving-board in now—we're going to submerge."

DRAWN BY HAROLD BEARDS.

The Young Idea. Now, that *does* surprise me. Obviously, there is a good deal to be said on both sides about compulsion in a matter like this, and I repeat that I am not discussing the pros and cons. But it is odd that at a time when practically every man, woman and child in the country is conscripted—when, in short, we have completely abandoned the voluntary principle to which we clung so long and so ardently—there should still be a powerful reaction against the mere idea of regimenting youth for anything except the sheer necessity. Many will see in this a healthy sign. At least it means that, while we have submitted to regimentation, such as this country has never before experienced, to meet a crisis, we have by no means consented to be drilled and dragooned in ordinary times and for ordinary purposes. If that is *all* it means, then I, for one, rejoice at it and am only too delighted to think that Englishmen have not yet entirely resigned themselves to being mere tailings in a vast sausage-machine. But if it means that we resent and reject the idea of a sound, intelligent, uniform discipline for youth; if it means that the adolescent should not be taught, whether he likes it or not, a sense of responsibility to the community; then I think we ought to ask ourselves whether it is not the lack of these very things in the past generation or two which has caused some of our most serious present problems.

"Pick 'em up there, pick 'em up! Have you chaps taken root or something?"

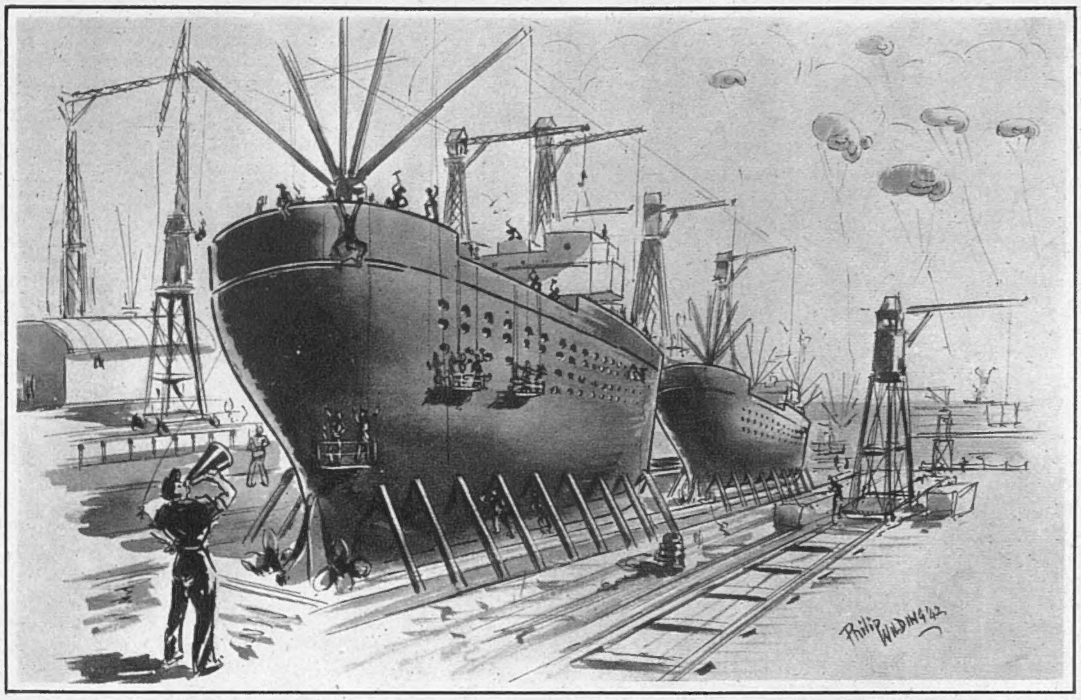
DRAWN BY HAROLD BEARDS.

Smike-ology and Psychology. Naturally, it is the wicked old Victorian Era which is to blame again, because it has produced a reaction against its own excesses. It is well known that every Victorian parent was a petty tyrant and every Victorian schoolmaster a heartless slave-driver. I was—God forgive me!—educated in the Victorian and Edwardian periods, and I do not remember suffering unduly from these brutalities—indeed, I am astonished, looking back, at the amount of intelligent liberty which was allowed me, and if I did not always use it well, that was entirely my own fault. However, we must accept it that the whole Victorian domestic and educational system had advanced little beyond the Middle Ages, and that the average Victorian father was an Edward Moulton Barrett and the average schoolmaster was a Wackford Squeers. Out of this darkness at last broke the dawn of the period of "self-development." The growing child must be allowed at all costs to cultivate its own ego. It must be protected against inhibitions and prohibitions. In short, it must be allowed to run wild in order to grow into the Fine Flower.

The Great Unlicked. I may be a little prejudiced, because I have seen some of the products of these theories, and I can only say that if they were my own children, I should consider infanticide not only excusable but public-spirited. I profess no knowledge of the ego, except such as I have learned by painful experience, but there are certain laws of nature which I do not feel wise enough to ignore. One of them is that young life, just because it is young, is unformed, and therefore needs moulding, if it is to take any shape at all. Another is that education is a process of learning, and I do not understand how the untaught can teach themselves. I have never yet seen the quadruped which did not need a good deal of licking into shape, and I do not see why the same does not apply to the biped. Therefore, while I am for the utmost practicable degree of personal freedom, and while I think no tyranny is so detestable as tyranny over children, I am not as shocked as many seem to be by the idea of compulsory Youth Organisations. Myself when young would have hated the idea; but, being a very self-centred young man, I also hated the idea of military discipline when I was flung into the last war. I shall never cease to testify that it was, is, and, I hope, ever will be, one of the most valuable experiences of my life. Far from

sacrificing any of my individuality, I am certain that I strengthened it incalculably.

Escape. And now that I am, alas! debarred from renewing that experience; now, *rude donandus*, feeling every day that there are many, many things in this war which I don't and never shall understand; now, I suppose, I can only "escape"—which I understand is a very depraved thing to do. Yes, I confess it!—in such moments as are left to me from contributing microscopical molecules to the war effort, I "escape" into books and plays and films, even if some of them are escapes of gas. Curiously enough, when I allow myself this relaxation from bleak realities, I do not catch myself forgetting that there is a war on. On the contrary, I do not think that I have strayed from reality quite as far as those—and they seem to be rather numerous nowadays—who find their means of escape in highly imaginative post-war worlds, most of which I find difficulty in recognising as worlds at all. But I dare say that that is because I have experience only of one world and not (as yet, but there is always hope) of Paradise.



"*Take it easy, boys; they haven't launched the one we finished this morning yet!*"
DRAWN BY PHILIP WILDING.

Einstein for Fun. Anyhow, I am comforted to see that Mr. A. A. Milne has come to the defence of escapism and escapists. "Why this horrible word," he writes, "should condemn anything but itself I do not know. All religion is an escape from the evil of this world to the remote beauty of some other, all love between the sexes is an escape from fact into the pleasures of the imagination. Einstein's Theory is pure escapism; or, if you prefer to regard it as the reality behind appearances, then all so-called realism is make-believe. Sleep is another form of escape, indulged in by even the most highly-browed. So, since it is escapism which makes it possible for the world to go round, we need be neither ashamed nor boastful of our passion for the detective-story." I don't go quite as far as Mr. Milne in some respects—when I crave respite from Stalingrad, I fear I do not turn to Professor Einstein for a frolic among the quantums and the continuums; but in another sense I go even farther, for I suggest that a judicious dose of unreality may sometimes be the best sharpener of the sense of reality.

Roses Round the Door. I would not even be too hard on that form of unreality which is called sentimentality, though I confess there are times when it tries me rather high. I don't mind sweets, even somewhat cloying ones—indeed, I am very fond of them—but I object to the process which somebody or other has described as being forcibly fed on treacle—a sensation which I always feel when the latest ditty about You-u-u is being played on the *vox humana* of the Wurlitzer or the Mighty Compton. There is a type of composition known, perhaps unkindly, in the world of art as Slush. For me, it is typified for all time in two lines of a once-popular ballad about Tennessee:

> "The roses round the door
> Makes me love mother more."

("Makes," you will observe, not "make"—the *extra* human touch.) Roses have been universally approved by poets, and round the door is a very good place for them to grow; and mother-love is not merely respectable but admirable. But the combination of the two gives me, I fear, that choking, replete, forcibly-fed sensation.

"*I want you all to imagine you are—tripping hand-in-hand with a beautiful fairy!*" (DRAWN BY H. H. HARRIS.)

Slush-Slashing. Not long ago (I remember reading) the B.B.C. had a Slush Conference with representatives of the Music Publishers' Association, and an austere attitude was taken up. The main points at issue, however, seemed to be whether popular songs were martial enough for a nation at war, not whether they were slushy enough. I do notice, however, that "Baby songs and 'miss-you' songs have not so far been adversely listed." I should think not, indeed! To deprive the song-writer of the privilege of rhyming "miss you" with "kiss you" would practically be to take away his living. By "Baby songs" we are not to understand lullabies and *berceuses* (they seem to be out of fashion, though they had a heyday); no, it is a fixed principle of songdom that the term "baby" is addressed not to the infant, but to its potential mother—a delicate compliment, and a stimulus to wedlock, which I do not think we ought to discourage. We must not be too snooty about slush, if it gives innocent pleasure, but will somebody tell me why we cannot produce good, memorable, ubiquitous tunes—slush or non-slush, I care not—in this war? That this is not a mere prejudiced, middle-aged opinion is proved by the fact that when it *does* want

[Continued overleaf.

"Don't look round, Ethel. We're being followed by a couple of bits o' skirt!"

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

Continued.]

a tune, popular taste constantly goes back to the last war. In my opinion, swing is the culprit; but there, I admit, I *am* prejudiced, because it is my settled view that all swingers should swing—and, indeed, I would swing for them myself if I got a chance.

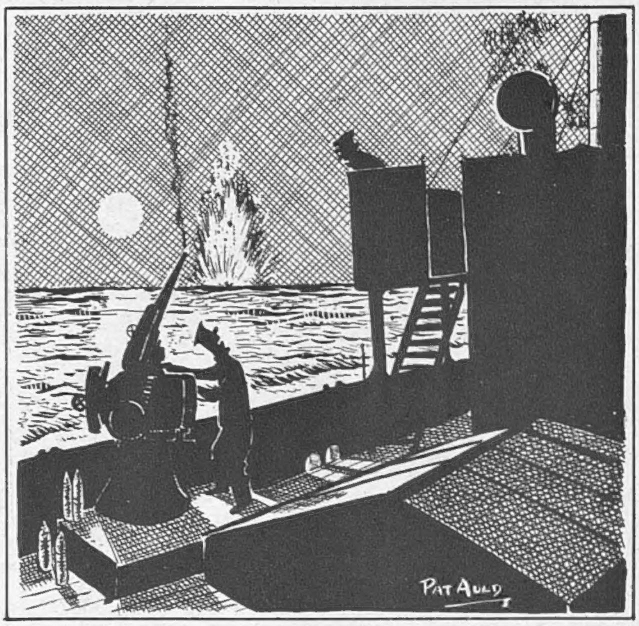
Here We Are Again! That is, perhaps, an uncharitable opinion, and it may be due to the fact that the wind is easterly. It is not only easterly, but it has a quality in it which there is no mistaking. I try to put the thought away from myself, but it is no good; nature is inexorable, and winter is undoubtedly coming. Yes, I know that there is a bright side to it. If winter comes in England, it also comes in Russia, and that is a fact of natural history which the Führer may not altogether appreciate. It is, I am sure, all to the good that the snows should be falling on the Caucasus. Nevertheless, the fact remains that winter is also coming in these islands. No considerations of grand strategy can alter that fact and all that it means.

One Swallow. The evidence is unquestionable. The catarrh season is well under way. The coughs and sneezes which spread diseases reverberate throughout the land. The open window, which but yesterday we flung still wider, has become a dagger that stabs in the back. As the wind changes, there are premonitory twinges in joints and muscles. Out come the eiderdowns from their coy retirement. Underclothes seem suddenly diaphanous, and thoughts turn to woollier wear—and are there enough coupons to replenish it? The time draws nigh to see whether the moths, which have had a giddy, voracious summer, have left anything of the heavy overcoat. It was only the other day that we blacked out when we went to bed, but now the day ends before dinner, and soon it will end before tea. These, these are the signs of the changing year—not the russet leaves and the stilled bird-song of which the poets write so feelingly. This is the time when I would fain be a swallow, to spread my wings and fly southward—except that the swallows' health resorts do not seem to be very healthy nowadays.

Facing It. And so I stay put, and ponder upon my fuel target. I have not yet mastered all its complications, and I doubt if I ever will; but that does not prevent me from forming a high moral resolve to shiver in my country's cause—and like it. That is the spirit which we must all cultivate—to regard every click of our chattering teeth as a bullet aimed at the enemy's heart. Covering ourselves with newspapers (if that is not illegal, as it probably is), burying our feet in straw (if we can get any), and wrapping our limbs in sacking (utility pattern), let us show our gallant Russian allies that they are not the only ones who can take it. Floating lightly on five inches of tepid water, Britannia can rule the waves as proudly as on the vasty deep!

WASTE PAPER FOR MUNITIONS.

The drive for Salvage goes on always. Enrol yourself, if you haven't done so already, in that vast army which devotes itself to collecting paper, old and new, carton or carte-de-visite, for the endless needs of the makers of munitions. It can't be too often, or too strongly stressed that this is a real, vital, urgent war-work in which everyone can help, and every piece of paper counts.



"E-boat or U-boat?"
"I reckon it's an EX-boat now . . . I've sunk the blighter. . . ."

DRAWN BY PAT AULD.

Careless Talk. In Australia they have a graphic way of warning against Careless Talk. The slogan is: "Remember what Jonah said to the whale—'If you'd only kept your mouth shut, this would never have happened!'" Big and little fish, please note! America is even terser: "Zip your lip!"

There were cocktails on hand and a festive feeling in the air when our artist visited R.A.F. Group Headquarters, to make these caricatures of some of the few who have done so much for so many.

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

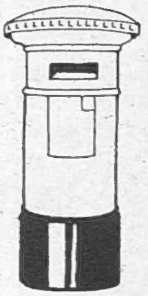
The forty-seventh of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"TELL ME, CHILD, DO THEY GIVE YOU ENOUGH TO EAT?"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—We have shut up our dining-room and put our dining-table and one of those Stove things in the drawing-room. We consider that by doing this we have scored a bull's-eye in the Fuel Target, or at least an inner. Now I am making a little cosy corner in the linen cupboard, so that we shall be able to withdraw to better positions when Gwilym drives us from even the meagre comfort of our Stove. What we shall do when he forbids the boiler fire as well, I do *not* know. Imagination boggles, as they say.

There has been a Salvage Drive going on here in an unused garage for the last fortnight. Charles and I made our big salvage effort several months ago, so our contributions this time have been rather puny, though Charles created a small stir by bringing some enormous tomes of out-of-date surgery, which he left on the pavement outside, the Salvage Authorities having locked up and gone away to a well-earned lunch. The books were full of unsuitable pictures, and quite a little crowd of Evacuees, on their way to school, gathered round to feast their eyes on them, until they were moved on by our Policeman, who then began looking at them himself.

" . . . began looking at them himself."

This afternoon I took down a watering-can with a hole in it, and found Mrs. Savernack standing in front of one of the dumps looking wistfully at a mountain of pots, pans, kettles and what not.

"I could do with a lot of these things," she said. "That sweet little kettle, for instance."

"It 's sure to have a hole in it."

"But it could be mended, Henrietta," she said eagerly. "Look, it 's only a tiny hole," and she picked the kettle up, but dropped it guiltily when she saw the Admiral and Colonel Simpkins coming in at the garage door. As Chairman of the Urban District Council and Special Constable, they feel it their duty to visit the Dump every day.

"'Damn Hitler!'"

"That 's a nice watering-can," said the Admiral.

"I brought it," I said proudly.

"My dear Henrietta, you must be mad!" said the Admiral. "It 's only got one tiny hole, which could easily be mended."

"That 's just how I feel about that little kettle," said Mrs. Savernack, and they both snatched the objects of their desires off the Dump and held them up to the light.

It was then that Lady B. came into the Garage, staggering under the weight of an enormous pile of books. We were half-hidden from her by the pots and pans, and she tottered over to the Paper Dump without having seen us.

We looked at each other with concern, for Lady B. loves her books, and when she gave up her house and moved into her tiny flat they were the only luxury she allowed herself to take with her. We tip-toed round to the other side of our tin mountain, and there she was, tight-lipped, throwing one precious volume after another on to the Paper Dump. I saw her beloved Trollopes hurtling through the air, followed by the Shaws, and as each old and valued friend landed with a melancholy plop on the sacrificial altar, Lady B. muttered, "Damn Hitler!"

Colonel Simpkins, who was deeply moved by this little scene, surprised us by inviting us all to tea with him at the Hotel. Lady B. said she must put on her best hat first, and we waited outside her flat while she made the necessary change.

As we trooped into the Hotel Lounge, I heard one of the Visitors say, "Who are these people?"

"Locals," said her friend.

"My dear," said the first Visitor, "I 'm told they never do a tap, and spend the *whole* day playing Bridge."

"Four more A.R.P.s called up this month," said the Admiral. "The women will have to come forward."

"I thought you used to say the Woman's Place was the Home," said Lady B.

"So it is, in peacetime," said the Admiral. "War is different."

"Poor women!" I said.

"They ought to be proud to come at their Country's Need," said Colonel Simpkins, looking at me very sternly.

"They are," I said. "Only they must get rather sick of being mucked about."

"What a disgusting expression," said Mrs. Savernack.

"What Henrietta means," said Lady B., "is that one day women are being told that their place is the Home, and the next minute they have to man the guns."

"And if they get their legs blown off, it 's supposed to matter less to them than it does to a man," I said.

"And as soon as they 've got used to manning the guns, the war will end, and they 'll be told their place is the Home again," said Lady B.

"Bad luck, of course," said the Admiral, "but War is War."

"I wonder how men would like it if they were whipped out of the Navy and Stock Exchange and things of that kind, and made to push babies about in prams all day," said Lady B., who was warming to her subject.

"Of course, I always maintain that Woman's Place is *not* the Home," said Mrs. Savernack.

"Oh, yes, it is," said Lady B. "And most of the nice, sensible women were in homes before the war, and too busy to come out of them; and that 's why we have so few women Members of Parliament. But, 'pon my word, if the country had been ruled by women for the last twenty years, they couldn't have made a worse mess of it than the men. When peace comes, I really think we 'll have to put the men to pram-pushing, and see what we can do about it."

The Admiral mopped his brow. "You weren't a Suffragette before the last war by any chance, were you?" he said.

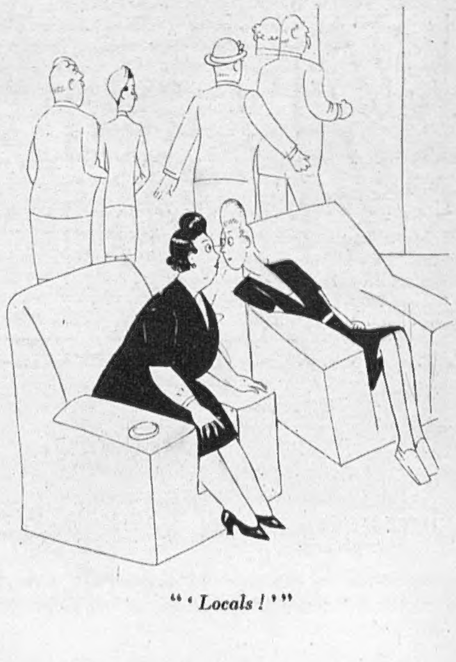
Lady B. twinkled at him. "We were abroad at the time," she said, "but I 'd have liked to be one."

"She'd have chained herself to the railings," said Colonel Simpkins, looking helplessly at the Admiral.

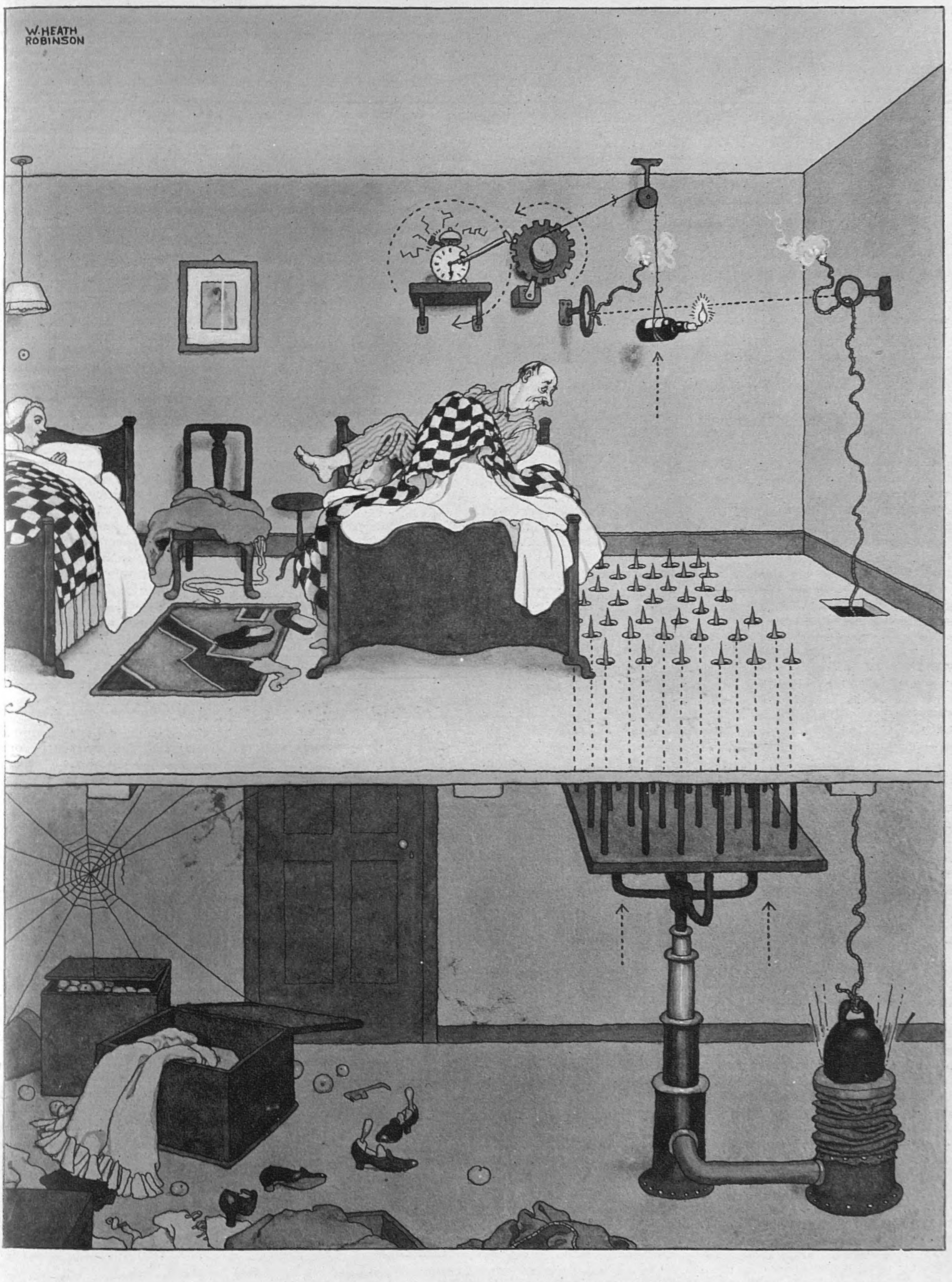
"I certainly would," said Lady B.

Always your
affectionate
Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.



"'Locals!'"



"THE SKETCH" BRAINS TRUST—NO. 10.

"WHY?", *asks a Wife-and-Mother pathetically,* "WHY ARE PEOPLE DISAGREEABLE AT BREAKFAST TIME?" *The answer is, of course, that they get out of bed on the wrong side, and here is a way to prevent it.*

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

WHEN, many months ago, Noel Coward launched his naval film, "IN WHICH WE SERVE," on the first day of shooting he told the Press that: "Probably, from my point of view, this is the most serious and the most sincere job I have ever attempted." The film, he said, would have several important parts, but no star except the ship. There would be, he promised, positively no blondes in the bomb-rack. "Feeling as I do about the Navy, if in my picture there was anything vulgar, anything insincere, I should be for ever ashamed."

There need be no blushful eternity for Mr. Coward. He can go straight to the heavenly *loges*, or whatever seats are reserved in the hereafter for film-wrights who have done their jobs well. "In Which We Serve," arriving last week at the Gaumont and Marble Arch Pavilion, reveals nothing either vulgar or insincere. It is, in point of fact, one of the most moving and sagacious films the war has produced yet, in this or any other country.

"In Which We Serve" is the story of a ship, a destroyer, H.M.S. *Torrin*. Five minutes after the opening of the film, so little time does Mr. Coward waste in getting his action under way, *Torrin* is dive-bombed and sinking in the Battle of Crete. The Captain gives orders to abandon ship. He and a handful of others swim to a Carley float. Clinging to the float, machine-gunned by enemy bombers, wounded, exhausted, smeared with blood and oil, they watch *Torrin* sucked down inch by inch. And their minds begin to wander. Memories of the past, of their homes, of their families waver towards them through the greasy water.

The Captain (Noel Coward) thinks of his wife and two children at home in Devonshire, picnics on the cliffs, the living-room, with its etchings of windjammers, the sloping garden, with a pear-tree in blossom. The Chief Petty Officer (Bernard Miles) wonders if his wife has had the lawn-mower seen to, if she still argues with her mother, if the old lady still sleeps in that shingle-cap, wears that old flannel dressing-gown. The Ordinary Seaman (John Mills) remembers his first meeting with the girl he has married, thinks of their wedding, their short honeymoon at Torquay, pictures her as she said good-bye to him at the dock-gates, expecting a child.

And through the memories of all three men, insistently, runs the thought of the ship. *Torrin* as her crew first saw her after commissioning. The Captain's speech—"I want this to be a happy and efficient ship—a very happy and a very efficient ship." *Torrin* on the first morning of war. Mr. Chamberlain's voice coming through the loud-speakers—"You can imagine what a bitter blow it is for me . . ."—and the Ordinary Seaman's comment: "Well, it ain't exactly a Bank Holiday for us." *Torrin* in action. *Torrin* on convoy duty. *Torrin* torpedoed and taken in tow. *Torrin* helping to bring home troops from Dunkirk. *Torrin* fighting off Crete in her last engagement.

Noel Coward has kept his word. H.M.S. *Torrin* is the star of the film. With the most sure and delicate touch he has built up the ship as the heroine of his story, shown how she dominates the lives of all the men aboard her and their families. "In Which We Serve" must be called, I suppose, a tragedy, since the heroine dies, the ship sinks. The Captain, rescued at last with the few survivors from the Carley float, has lost not only many good friends, but a mistress as well.

Yet the film is not depressing. It closes on a high note of promise, with the laying of another keel, the launching of a new destroyer. "Here ends the story of a ship, but there will always be other ships, for we are an island race. Through all our centuries the sea has ruled our destiny. There will always be other ships and men to sail in them. It is these men, in peace or war, to whom we owe so much. Above all victories, beyond all loss, in spite of changing values in a changing world, they give, to us their countrymen, eternal and indomitable pride. God bless our ships and all who sail in them."

You may detect in this speech, and indeed all through the film, a deeper note than is usual in the Coward works. It seems to me that, of all he has done, only moments of "Cavalcade" come near to the warmth and sincerity of this film. Brilliant and craftsmanlike we expected it to be, but this common touch is surely something new. "In Which We Serve" runs for nearly two hours. In all that time I cannot recall one insignificant passage, one shot that could be spared, one character that fails to come to life. Beautifully played, by Mr. Coward himself, Bernard Miles, John Mills, Celia Johnson (as the Captain's wife), and many others, the effect is of a moving, exciting, and finely-proportioned whole. As actor, as author, as producer, as director (with David Lean), and as composer of the score, Mr. Coward has magnificently done his job. I can imagine no British picturegoer, however tough, who will be able to watch the piece without emotion.

I wish I could feel as warmly towards the war-piece that Hollywood has sent us, "THIS ABOVE ALL" (Empire). To be quite frank, except for a pretty performance in the lead by Joan Fontaine (the girl from "Rebecca"), and a plain, interesting one in the small part of a country rector by Alexander Knox, I thought this a pretentious piece of nonsense, bearing at the best but a confused, and at the worst a misleading message.

I did not like the Eric Knight novel from which the film is adapted, but to some degree I can respect it. It made out at least some case for the class-conscious deserter, who felt he was fighting for the very system that had made his youth unbearable. But I can see no case at all for the deserter of the picture. His past is so vaguely sketched that you can discern nothing in it but the impatience of an ill-balanced youth rebelling against discipline. Class-conscious he certainly is, and so is the film, but class-conscious without explanation, and without, one feels, any but the dimmest data. As an interpretation of English society in wartime, of the views of the average Englishman, whether he comes from the mill or the manor, as a picture of life in the Services, "This Above All" is, to my mind, about as up-to-date as some record of the Punic Wars.

As a love-story, with gracious Joan Fontaine, and a rather stubbly, dimly-lit Tyrone Power, it should almost certainly get by. Anatole Litvak, director of "Mayerling," has put some luscious touches into this romance of a W.A.A.F.—a blue-blooded, county W.A.A.F.—who meets a deserter one night in the black-out, spends a pure, platonic leave with him, and teaches him in the end to appreciate Shakespeare and bluebells over the White Cliffs of Dover.

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler and Valerie Taylor. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.

***Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. "ops." Phyllis Calvert, Adrianne Allen.

**Cambridge: "WALTZ WITHOUT END." Unexpected version of Chopin's life and music.

**Coliseum: "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK." Revival, with Evelyn Laye.

**Comedy: "MURDER WITHOUT CRIME." Raymond Lovell, well supported.

***Duchess: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward's play. Fay Compton, Kay Hammond; Cecil Parker; Margaret Rutherford.

**Garrick: "WARN THAT MAN." Gordon Harker foils a Fifth Columnist.

** Globe: "THE MORNING STAR." Emlyn Williams in his own raid-nights play. Angela Baddeley.

**Haymarket: "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.

**Hippodrome: "GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical. Vic Oliver, Jeanne Ravel.

**Lyric: "REBECCA." Revival.

**Palace: "FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.

**Palladium: "GANGWAY." George Black's Musical Smile; with Ben Lyon, Vera Lynn.

**Prince of Wales: "NO ORCHIDS FOR MISS BLANDISH." Well-produced, slick gangsterism. Hartley Power, Linden Travers, Robert Newton.

**St. Martins: "CLAUDIA." Pamela Brown and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

**Saville: "FINE AND DANDY." Good show, with Leslie Henson, Stan Holloway, Dorothy Dickson, Douglas Byng.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

**Stoll: "ROSE MARIE." Revival, with Marjorie Browne; Phyllis Monkman; Raymond Newell.

*Strand: "NIGHT OF THE GARTER." Revival, with Sydney Howard.

*Vaudeville: "MEN IN SHADOW." Sabotage in France. John Mills.

**Victoria Palace: "TWENTY TO ONE." Laugh-making racing musical play. Lupino Lane; Greta Fayne; Winifred Sloane.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

The title, of course, comes from Polonius, who has fathered some odd things in his time—

"This above all, to thine own self be true,
And it shall follow, as the night the day,
Thou cans't not then be false to any man"—

as the hospital nurse reads to the "blitzed" hero from a volume thoughtfully left him by a visiting corporal. Just how the deserter is to be true to himself, or, indeed, whether he recovers sufficiently from the *Luftwaffe's* bombing to be true to anybody, is left undetermined.

For reasons best known to themselves, possibly war-weariness, the producers of "THE GREAT MR. HANDEL" (Leicester Square) have decided this is the moment to give us a film about the eighteenth-century German-born composer of the "Largo." Leisurely and remote, in their full-bottomed periwigs and taffetas and velvet, the courtiers and musicians and quality of the day move through the film's 103 dignified and, one must admit, occasionally dull minutes. The master's career, as described here, does not seem to have been distinguished by any very absorbing drama. Most of his tribulations, indeed, of poverty and ill-favour, seem to have been of his own making, tact not being his strong suit; a notable handicap when dealing with princes.

Right at the end, the composition of the "Messiah," and the performance of the "Hallelujah Chorus," provide a sequence of some musical excitement. Miss Elizabeth Allan, looking more frail and exquisite than any oratorio contralto I have ever known, would seem to be giving an excellent rendering of "He was despised and rejected of men." The face is the face of Miss Allan, but the voice, I understand, is the voice of Miss Gladys Ripley.

Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, whom I last saw as a policeman on point-duty at the corner of Great Newport Street and Long Acre, makes Handel a melancholy, rather lumpish person, as he may well have been; playing him, I felt, as if he admired, but did not greatly love him. The real star of "Handel," to my mind, is not the acting, not even the music, but the colour. For once an art director has contrived, not to show what colour can do, but what it should do. There are no postcard greens and blues, no arrogant, assertive reds to distract the eye. Neutral tones, pastels, warm tints like the colours of old tapestry, give life to the figures on the screen, and point up the sense of texture.

"Ten Gentlemen from West Point" (London Pavilion) is a story of that famous Academy in the beginning of the nineteenth century. It moves round the love of two young men—Howard Shelton (JOHN SUTTON; *centre, left) and Dawson* (GEORGE MONTGOMERY; *centre, right) for Carolyn Bainbridge* (MAUREEN O'HARA). *The Commandant of the Academy is a martinet, whose rigorous military exercises and gruelling punishments cause many resignations till only ten cadets remain. Indians on the warpath give the cadets an opportunity to exhibit a first-rate display of tactical superiority, quelling the rebellion. The picture finishes with a review of the portraits of many of West Point's famous sons.*

"The Gay Sisters" (Warner) is reviewed in this article. Litigation over their father's will brings Susanna (NANCY COLEMAN), *Evelyn* (GERALDINE FITZGERALD) *and Fiona Gaylord* (BARBARA STANWYCK) *into Court. Herschell Gibbon* (GENE LOCKHART; *left) is their lawyer.*

Aloof from the war, too, but crisp and modern in its way, is "THE GAY SISTERS" (Warner's), a satire on property law and its delays. The Gaylord sisters (Barbara Stanwyck, Geraldine Fitzgerald and Nancy Coleman) are millionairesses who cannot inherit until their father's will, contested for twenty-two years, is proved. Stumbling-block is construction engineer George Brent, who will not settle until the Gaylords sell him their old, vast, shabby house on Fifth Avenue, so that he can pull it down and build a civic centre. The eldest Gaylord girl (Miss Stanwyck) refuses to sell. Her father, it seems, told her not to. Also, she has personal reasons, which emerge in time, for opposing any suggestion of the engineer's.

The Gaylord sisters are BARBARA STANWYCK, NANCY COLEMAN *and* GERALDINE FITZGERALD, *left to right.*

The plot, although drawn out fine, has the benefit of good acting and observant direction, and is never dull. Irving Rapper, the director, is the man who made "One Foot in Heaven," and he would appear to understand people and their ways. It is a pleasure to have Geraldine Fitzgerald back in a film again, even though the part of the second Gaylord sister, a mean wench if ever there was one, seems odd casting for her. And a newcomer named Gig Young demands attention. He plays an artist in the piece, beloved of the youngest Gaylord sister: a nonchalant, masterful young man called Gig Young.

"The Glass Key" (Plaza) centres about political rivalry and the sinister underworld of a big city. Paul Madvig (BRIAN DONLEVY), *rough diamond longing for a place in society, loves Janet Henry* (VERONICA LAKE), *daughter of a candidate for a Governorship; Ed Beaumont* (ALAN LADD) *marries her eventually, after the solving of a thrilling murder mystery.*

MIXED BUDGET OF TOPICAL AND PICTORIAL NEWS:

SIR RICHARD SYKES, BT., *the Green Howards, of Sledmere, married* MISS VIRGINIA GILLIAT, *daughter of Mr. John Gilliat, at St. James's, Spanish Place.*

MRS. PETER HODGE, *formerly Mia Macklin, is a dispatch rider for the U.S. Air Force and drives a "jeep" car. She is the well-known ice figure-skater, and won the Girls' Championship when she was fifteen.*

MRS. NANCY HARKNESS LOVE, *twenty-eight-year-old director of the American Women's Auxiliary Ferry Squadron, posed in her flying uniform with special badge.*

JOHN G. WINANT, JUNIOR, *son of H.E. the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James', is training in a Flying School in the United States. He is posed with* STAFF-SERGEANT JOE SARZOZA, *who has charge of his training 'plane.*

This LEADING WREN, *known as Flyer No. 1, is the first member of the W.R.N.S. to fly as part of her routine duties. She has made many flights while checking and testing radio equipment.*

LESLIE HOWARD *appeared as Lord Nelson in "Cathedral Steps," the anthology in praise of Britain framed by Clemence Dane, from works of famous British poets and musicians, given on the steps of St. Paul's.*

WAR WORKERS, BRIDES AND BRIDEGROOMS, AND TWO SHOWS.

MISS NADINE McDOUGALL *and* PRINCE ANDREW OF RUSSIA *were married by the Archbishop of Canterbury at Norton Church. A second ceremony according to the Orthodox Church followed at Sheldwich.* VISCOUNT THROWLEY *(extreme left), nephew of the bride, was a page.*

CAPTAIN *the* HON. VICARY PAUL GIBBS, *Grenadier Guards, elder son of Lord Aldenham, married* MISS JEAN FRANCES HAMBRO, *daughter of Captain A. V. Hambro, M.P., at the Guards' Chapel.*

LIEUT. EDWARD CANNING-FREEMAN *is the author and illustrator of "Dalmatian Dreams," published in a limited edition to be sold for the Yugoslav Relief Society. This portrait is by Serge Rodzianko.*

The marriage of MISS BERYL (BUNTY) NOPS, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid W. Nops, to Captain W. F. Proudfoot, R.A., was fixed for Tuesday, October 6, at St. Mary-le-Strand.*

MISS PAMELA BROWN *(r.) scored a personal success in the name part of "Claudia," at the St. Martin's. Our group shows (l. to r.) Julia Naughton* (MARY MARTLEW), *Jerry Seymour* (THORNLEY WALTERS) *and Madame Daruschka* (LEA SEIDL).

WREN *personnel are employed servicing guns at Fleet Air Arm stations. They are here at work on a mobile airfield defence gun under the wing of one of the 'planes.*

NO MORE MIMOSA.*

By ETHEL MANNIN.

WHEN she came off duty one grey March morning at the first-aid post, Alyse could have sworn there was a scent of mimosa on the air. Which, she acknowledged, was absurd, because there is no more mimosa till the war is over. Crossing the draughty yard from the post to the canteen, she was back in the little town of the Alpes Maritimes, with the date-palms along the front, and the sea a vivid poster-blue, and villa and pension gardens full of orange-trees and mimosas and trellises of wine-coloured bougainvillea. In the mornings she walked with Miss Phillips to the English library; in the afternoons to the English tea-rooms. On Sundays they went to the English church. Between times they sat in the pension gardens, if there was no mistral blowing, or on the balcony looking out across the date-palms to the sea. Miss Phillips was always delighted to find roses blooming along the balcony in January; it demonstrated the superiority of the Midi winter over the English one. Alyse remembered that she had had moods of longing, madly, for the greyness and cold of the English winter. Life had been deadly dull in the unfashionable little Riviera town, companioning Miss Phillips in her monotonous existence, with which she was so completely satisfied. Miss Phillips would have lived out the rest of her life as a pension spinster if the war had not altered the whole pattern of living for her. The beautiful, boring Riviera was how Alyse had come to think of it in time. But there were brief intervals of freedom in which everything was reversed, and she loved the South passionately, precious hours and half-hours in which she was able to slip out alone, whilst Miss Phillips was resting. Then she would escape into the steep, cobbled back-streets, into which Miss Phillips always thought it "unwise" to penetrate, where the water ran in the gutters, and the washing fluttered like banners from the windows of tall, shabby old houses . . . the real France behind the façade erected for the English tourists.

Once in the market-place she had listened to a troupe of Provençale singers, selling the songs they sang—to an accordion accompaniment—at a franc a copy. Gay, catchy, lilting little songs they sang, the crowd standing round smiling, making occasional ribald jokes. It was then she had met Jacques, tall, dark, amused. He looked at her and smiled, and she had smiled back, because of the sun, and the song, and the exhilaration of her temporary freedom. They met frequently after that and, in time, he met Miss Phillips. His father owned extensive vineyards, and had a large villa up behind the little town, and they were invited for "le five o'clock." Miss Phillips, who had begun by being scandalised that Alyse should have formed a friendship with a Frenchman without any introduction, ended by deciding that Jacques was "a charming boy," and she was relieved of anxiety on Alyse's account when she learned from his father that, though not formally engaged, there was a young woman—with a handsome *dot* attached to her—whom it was understood he would marry in due course. She told Alyse about the young woman so that she should not get any wrong ideas about the good-looking Jacques. Alyse was bitterly disappointed, because she was then already twenty-eight, and had hoped that at last a man was interested in her other than merely as a friend. In order to hide her disappointment, and so that Jacques should not for a moment guess that she was in love with him, she invented a fiancé in England waiting to marry her when she went home.

Then the war came, and Jacques disappeared into the Army. He wrote to them both from different parts of France. Miss Phillips remained resolutely in her beloved South until the fall of France, and would probably have stayed on after that but for Alyse—and the fact that the pension which had become home for her abruptly closed down.

They got back to England in an overcrowded ship, and whilst everyone else was relieved to be safely out of France, Miss Phillips complained of the weather and the food, and the difference between an English boarding-house and a Riviera pension. In their hurried flight there had been no time to get in touch with Jacques. Alyse saw Miss Phillips settled into her boarding-house, and then sought about for something more useful to do than continuing as paid companion. After her first London air raid she decided that A.R.P. was probably as useful a service as any for a person such as herself.

On and off she thought a good deal about Jacques. After years in the South of France, living in England again took a little getting used to. The winter seemed interminable, and so grey and damp, with the kind of coldness that crept right into your bones, not like the coldness that came after sundown on the Riviera, when the air suddenly developed a tang which brought out the smell of the eucalyptus-trees, of mimosa, of coffee, garlic, strong cigarettes. She missed the bells that filled the air at evening, and the electric blue of the sky, and the exotic rushes of scent from white lily-like flowers crowding over old stone walls above streets of steps. She would be filled with a nostalgia that at times was almost intolerable, like a physical pain, and tears of frustration and longing would burn behind her eyelids.

She went sometimes, on her off-duty days, and had tea with Miss Phillips in her dingy boarding-house. The old lady was heartbroken at the collapse of France; she felt it like a personal humiliation, as though a son or a brother had been covered with disgrace.

On that grey March morning on which there seemed to Alyse to be a scent of mimosa on the air, she found a letter from Miss Phillips amongst the mail which awaited her at "the gate," and which she collected on her way to the canteen. She was in no hurry to open it; she knew that it would be the usual invitation to tea, the usual lament about the English weather. She had rather neglected the old lady of late; she thought that perhaps she would go to-day. Perhaps poor Miss Phillips also smelt a breath of ghostly mimosa on the air. . . . She would go for "le five o'clock," as Miss Phillips still liked to call it, and they would talk about France, and Jacques, and the delicious *rhum babas* at the English tea-room, and be thoroughly nostalgic and sentimental. If only one could still buy mimosa in London, she would have taken a whole armful along!

She went shopping in a big stores, she rode in buses, and everywhere that scent of mimosa went with her, and she had a fantasy that the March wind blew straight off the mimosa woods of the Alpes Maritimes. . . .

She bought some daffodils and narcissus for Miss Phillips, and when she arrived at the boarding-house went straight up to the old lady's sitting-room. She knocked and entered, and was half-way across the room before she realised that the figure that waited for her by the mantelpiece was not Miss Phillips, but somehow, incredibly, Jacques. Jacques in the uniform of the French Air Force, but Jacques tall and dark and amused-looking as she had remembered him. . . .

"I asked Miss Phillips's permission to allow us to meet alone," he said in his rapid, curiously urgent French. "I trust I have not been too great a shock for you." He took the flowers from her, laid them on a table, pulled up a chair for her. She sank into it, but could not take her eyes from his face.

"How did you get here? How did you find us?" she demanded.

"I came here by 'plane, with other Fighting French comrades. All that is a long story and can wait. As to how I found you—I remembered Miss Phillips's bank—I used to go so often with you to cash cheques for her. I wrote to her there, asking for news of you. She wrote to me to come here to-day, when you would be here. I asked if you were married yet and she said no—only to the A.R.P.!"

"And you, Monsieur?" she asked in a low voice.

He laughed. "Only to Fighting France! To-night we will dine together—yes?"

"I should be honoured, Monsieur!"

They ate in a little Soho restaurant full of de Gaullists. There were French sailors, French Air Force, French officers—and French wine. They drank to the Freedom of France.

During dinner Jacques said: "Now that we have found each other again, why do we not get married?"

She looked up from her plate, startled. "I beg your pardon?"

"I said," repeated Miss Phillips, "I often wonder whether one of these evenings we shan't meet Jacques here amongst all the Fighting French that come here. . . . You seem to have something on your mind this evening, Alyse. I noticed it when you first arrived to tea——"

"It's nothing," Alyse said, "nothing. Only what I told you about seeming to smell mimosa on the air all day, and then coming into your room I thought, how strange if I should find Jacques standing there——"

"One day you may. Who knows?" She picked up her glass and said resolutely, "*Vive la France!*"

"*Vive la France!*" Alyse said, tears burning behind her eyelids, and the scent of mimosa almost overpowering. . . .

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

An attractive study of LADY LAMPSON and VICTOR MILES, who was born last year.

In a room at the Embassy: to Lady Lampson's right may be seen Chinese figures collected by Sir Miles when he was stationed in Peking.

VICTOR MILES is mildly interested in something out of the picture.

Life is just one big joke to Sir Miles's son!

Very astonished at the camera, though quite accustomed to being snapped with distinguished visitors!

AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY, CAIRO: SIR MILES AND LADY LAMPSON AND VICTOR MILES.

THE RT. HON. SIR MILES WEDDERBURN LAMPSON, P.C., G.C.M.G., K.C.M.G., C.B., C.M.G., M.V.O., in the Embassy garden, Cairo.

THE RT. HON. SIR MILES LAMPSON has been British Ambassador to Egypt and High Commissioner for the Sudan since 1936. His very distinguished career included China, where he was British Minister from 1926 to 1933, and where he was able to make a fine collection of jade, lacquer and porcelain objects, and Chinese furniture. Lady Lampson was Miss Castellani, only daughter of Professor Sir Aldo Castellani, and is his second wife. She is a great figure in charity movements and spends much time looking after wounded soldiers and arranging trips for the convalescents. Her year-old son, Victor Miles, is very social and is always brought out into the garden to be photographed hand-in-hand with distinguished visitors to the Embassy!

" Don't swipe the Tommy's girl." American soldiers are warned that between Allies all is not fair in love and war.

" You will be welcome in British pubs as long as you remember that they are the poor man's clubs. Don't butt in on a game till you're asked."

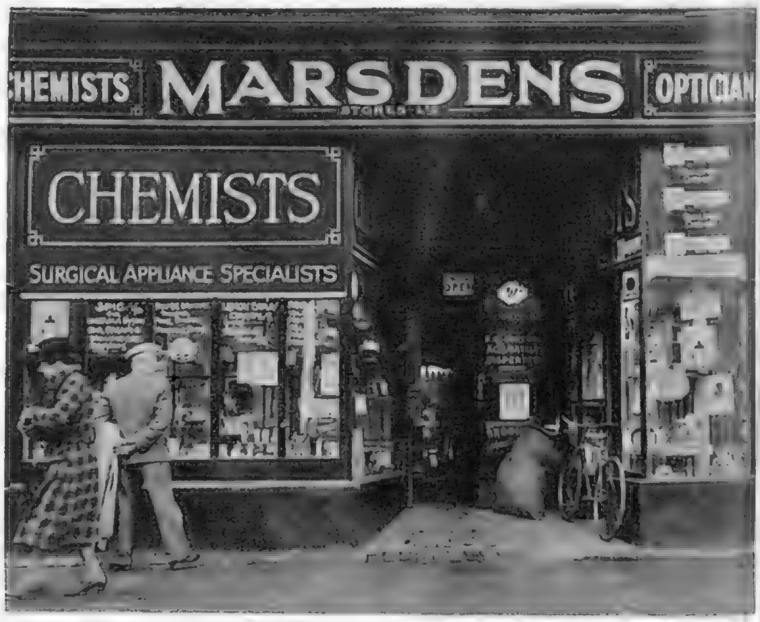
" The British are often more reserv[illegible] to be offended if conversations are [illegible] travellers in bus[illegible]

British vocabulary: This is a waistcoat (pronounced "weskut"), not a vest.

Just to make it harder this is a vest, not an undershirt or an athletic shirt.

Believe it or not, these objects are a bowler and a stick, not a Derby and cane.

The Britisher calls this the bonnet of a motor-car; the American refers to it as the hood of an automobile.



This is a chemist's, not a drug-store, and the man who runs it is a chemist, not a druggist.

SHOWING THE U.S. HOW TO UNDERSTAND US: THE AMERICAN SOLDIER'S ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO GREAT BRITAIN.

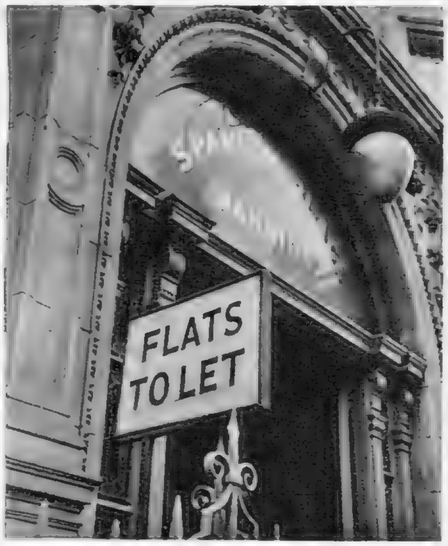
N.B. Colour plate in

han we." The Yank is warned not immediately struck up between fellow- nd railway trains.

That second helping! The American guest in an English home is cautioned to go slow over the food in ration time, even if pressed to take more.

Don't display your roll of notes ostentatiously! The American soldier is highly paid and the British dislike "showing off."

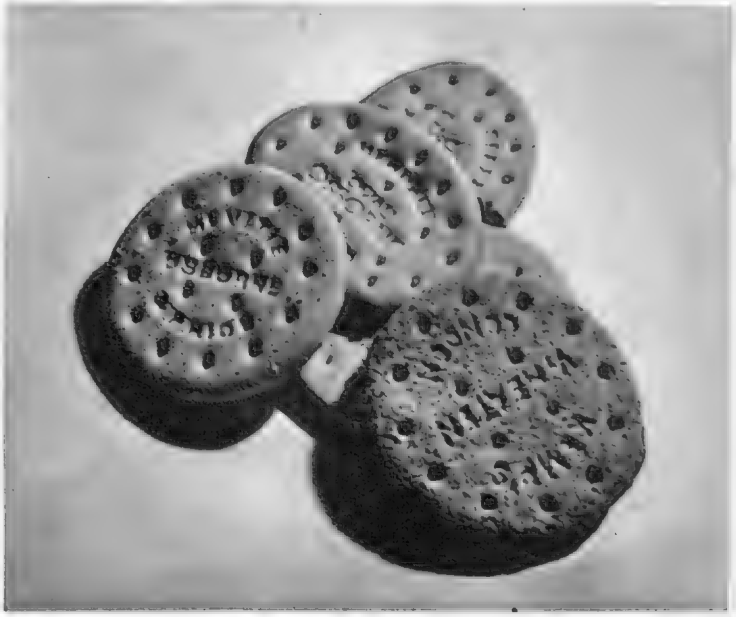
...nd don't call this a roast of beef—it's a joint, in the English language.



This place has flats to let, not apartments, as an American would naturally suppose.

This rare and delicious object is a tin of treacle, not syrup or molasses.

British money is pounds, shillings and pence. It's confusing and seems impractical, but the British like it that way.



These are biscuits, not crackers or cookies. What the American calls a biscuit is a scone or teacake.

EVERYONE has heard of "THE SHORT GUIDE TO GREAT BRITAIN" published by the U.S. War Department, for American Soldiers in England who may find it something of a puzzle to adjust themselves to life in a country where people use the same words, but don't always talk the same language or go about things in the same way. On these pages we illustrate some of its injunctions in a series of amusing photographs which point out a few of the differences in the British and American outlooks and use of words, and show the red light to doughboys by illustrating possible snags they may run into before they learn to understand us and our odd ways. The Short Guide is written with humour and understanding. Eric Knight, author of "This Above All," helped to produce it.

serted in this issue.

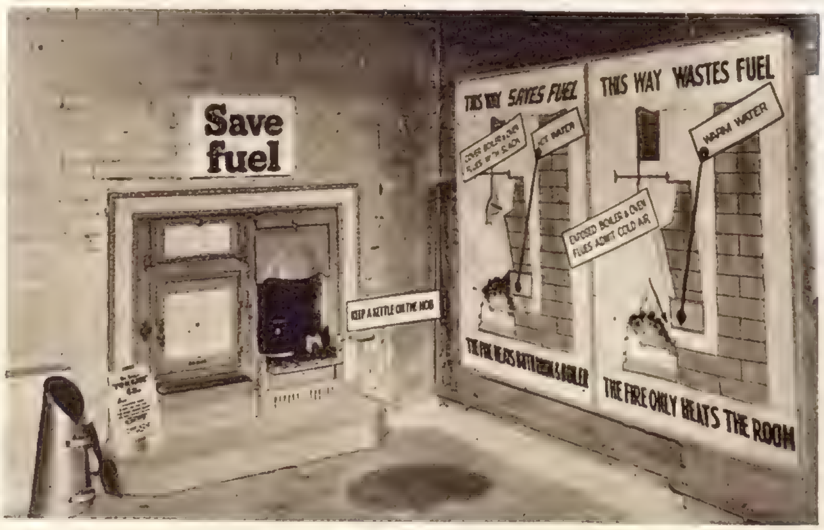
THE VICTORY WAY TO COOK AND STOKE.

How to cook with the minimum fuel expenditure: steamers, divided saucepans and a full oven point the way to victory.

Learn how to poke your fire in the right way and you'll get hot water without waste.

If every Sister Susie took to sifting cinders, over a million tons of fuel a year would be saved.

Don'ts for careful housewives: how the wasteful, extravagant woman uses her oven.

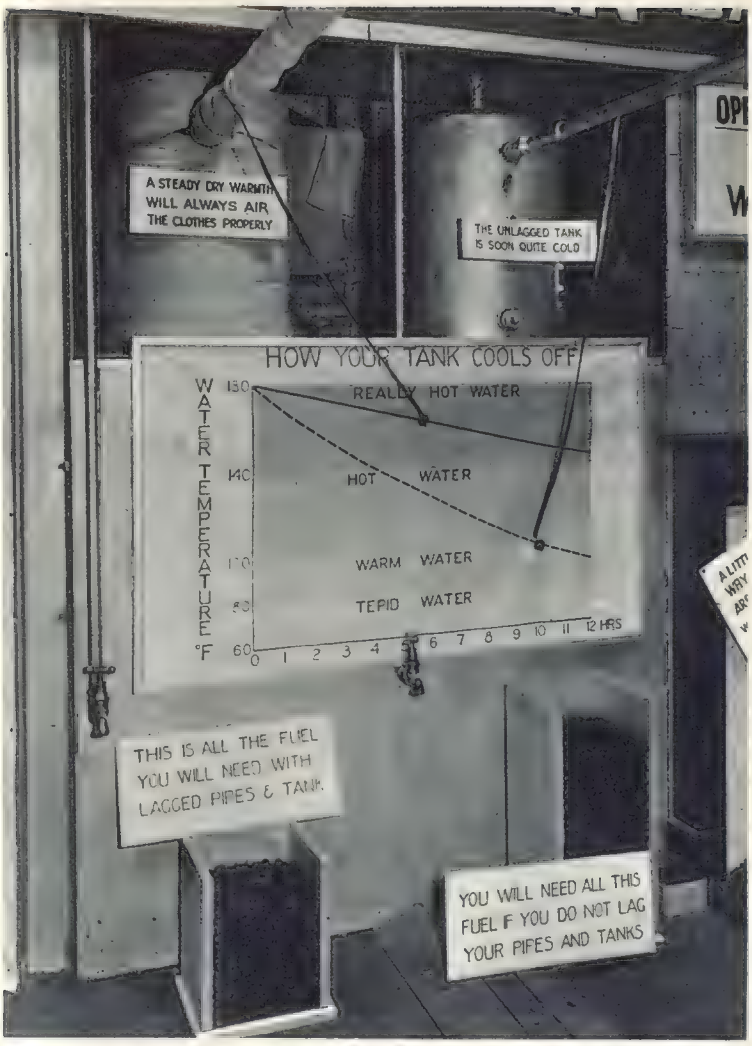


Revive the cheerful old custom of a kettle on the hob and you will be doing your bit towards fuel economy.

COAL-SAVING is desperately important to-day, not only because of present shortage, but on account of future needs for our great war effort. The Black Blood of Industry is required in every factory, and in addition to this, scientists in the laboratories of the British Coal Utilisation Research Association are daily at work devising fresh, important uses for this precious substance. Coal and its derivatives

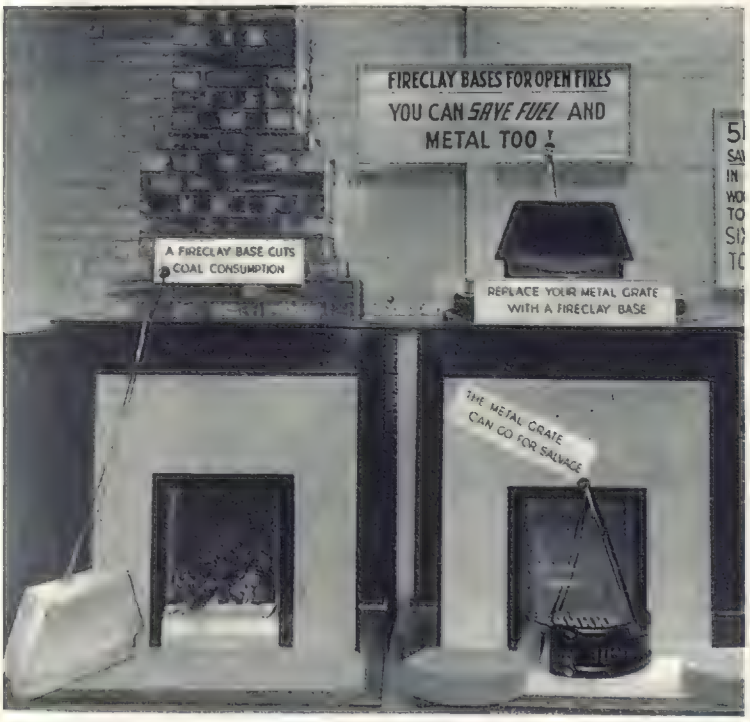
[Continued opposite

HOW TO KEEP WARM WITHOUT WASTE.



How to keep your water hot—wrap up the tank and pipes and they won't cool off, but will retain the heat.

The wartime fire must be lit with scientific endeavour—firebricks, and dried garden refuse will all help to save fuel.



Fireclay bases for open fires will help you to save fuel and metal too, for the grate can go for salvage.

When you go out, bank up your fire with ashes and slack, and call in your old tea-leaves to help in the good work.

Continued.]
already supply two well-known explosives—T.N.T. and picric acid. Antiseptics and anæsthetics are also derived from coal, and soap, paste, dyes, perfumes and light fuel oils spring from it. The photographs on these pages illustrate some lessons for home practise in fuel saving.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

POVERTY, love and war have been called the three most important experiences that can happen to a human being. Like most generalisations, it is far from being water-tight. Poverty is a normal condition in the lives of many; they are hardly conscious of it; for them it cannot count as an experience. Again, a considerable number of people are chronically in love—it is the law of their natures—and it is only when they fall out of love that they become aware of that change in the emotional and mental climate, that necessity for readjustment, which goes inevitably with true experience. War is still, happily, the exception rather than the rule for most of us.

In spite of these exceptions, however, one cannot deny that poverty, love and war are supreme experiences, and that novelists who leave them all out are likely to lose their sense of reality and produce work that is *à côté de la vie*. Few of them ignore the experience of love; a pity, some might think, for it is by no means every writer's province. Nor, indeed, are poverty and war, though they are being increasingly written about: war, because we are all in it, and poverty because, to the changed outlook of our day, it seems an evil that can, and must, be abolished. These fundamental experiences, it should be remembered, do not of themselves make a good novel; they put an author's quality to a far severer test than do lighter themes, and to treat them with an attitude of mind less serious than they are, is to court disaster.

Quick Conversions.

This, I think, is a danger Mr. Jerrard Tickell runs in his attractively-written story, "Soldier from the Wars Returning." Here we find all three of the prime ingredients. The reality of poverty turned Caroline Horton from a social butterfly—a "Madonna of the Salted Almonds"—into a serious-minded woman, devoted to the upbringing of her children, while the mere spectacle of it performed a parallel miracle for Antonia Wychwood, London's loveliest lovely. And, in due course, nearly all the characters fall in love, just as, in one way or another, they all become involved in the war. The convention that most people remain the same, whatever happens to them, is one to which Captain Tickell does not subscribe. He believes in sudden conversions—the conversion of Caroline Horton, the conversion of Antonia Wychwood. Each, though for different reasons, suddenly becomes imbued with a passion for work and the sense of exhilarating self-approval that it sometimes brings. There is nothing inherently impossible in this, but when the process is shown as gradual, it is more convincing.

Captain Tickell never forgets that the novel should be an entertainment; possibly for fear of being dull, he imposes on poverty and love a greater liveliness than is quite suitable to them. He is a natural humorist, as Antonia Wychwood's schoolgirl letter to Nicolas, and the latter's chilling, though informative, reply, clearly show, and it is not easy for him to keep his high spirits in check, even when the subject would profit by being treated more soberly. On the other hand, you could not call him light-minded. The fantasies of adolescence, from which Nicolas and Antonia both suffer, and which unfortunately darken their lives, reveal him as no mean psychologist, and with the outbreak of war, which takes Nicolas to the beaches of Dunkirk, he is in his element. Of the three great experiences, this is the one he portrays best.

A Hospital in the "Blitz."

In "Night-Work," the same trio of experiences make themselves even more insistently felt, and a fourth, hardly less important—illness—joins in. Mr. Arey's novel belongs to a type, popularised by Miss Vicki Baum, with which we are familiar, and is a good example of it. He gives us a cross-section of life in a great London hospital in the time of the "blitz": the whole action only takes twenty-four hours. A Welsh woman had prophesied that the hospital would be hit by a bomb, and it is—by several bombs from two successive waves of raiders.

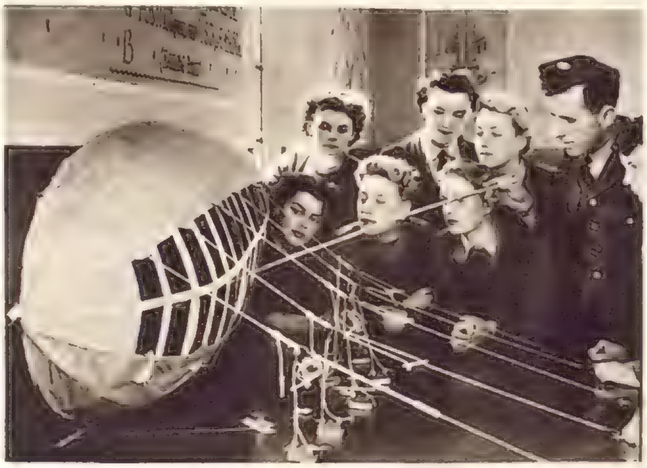
All the staff—doctors, students, nurses—behave with so much self-control that the sense of heroism is almost absent; one wonders if discipline and self-discipline could achieve this almost inhuman efficiency. An air raid is apt to be a levelling process, in more senses than one, and violent action has the same tendency. The characters—the score and more of characters—to whom Mr. Arey has introduced us, and of whom all but seven survive to tell the tale, seem less sharply differentiated at the end than they were at the beginning. Mr. Arey does not really give himself time to develop them. His method is stream-lined, as intolerant of anything that impairs smooth running, as an operating theatre. His characters do not stay in our line of vision long enough for us to see them properly. He gives us plenty of hints and indications, and very pregnant they are. "Dr. Simson . . . tried to avoid getting annoyed, a sterile emotion which interfered with the orderly life he liked." "Theatre Sister . . . was a small, steel-eyed woman whose jocularity you could never trust. You could trust her to be right, never to make mistakes; but you could not presume that she would stay friendly for long." One feels one knows them both, yet, when impressions of a dozen other people, equally distinct and vivid, are superimposed on them, the reader's recording plate gets muddled and confused: his fault, perhaps, rather than the author's, but all the same I think Mr. Arey attempts too much condensation.

"Night-Work" is a clever story—if anything, too clever, too technically accomplished. But one cannot say that the author brings to poverty, love or war an attitude of mind that is unsuitable to them. He writes with the gravity and urgency that belong to hospital life; there is no relaxation, no parleying with an enemy, even more relentless than the Germans. But, though serious, he is never heavy.

Caddishness and Charm.

Miss Mary Lutyens' characters are mostly well-to-do, or, if not, living on what seems to be inexhaustible credit. Two of them, however, are wage-earners: Janie, hostess at the Aspidistra, a fashionable night-club, and Sam, who is employed there as pianist in the band. They suffer in mind and spirit from being less affluent than the people round them; but it cannot be said that "Together and Alone" is about poverty, in the sense that it is about love and war. On and off, all the chief characters are in love, except the disillusioned Grantly Long, and even he has a tender feeling for Janie. His wife, Pauline, is an almost professional heart-breaker and vamp; in the course of the story she has several successes, and only two failures. The shock-tactics she employs on Jen merely disgust him; indeed, she is so odious in everything she says and does that it is difficult to believe in her all-conquering charm. The same might be said of Micky Sheldon, her opposite number, as it were, in the male sex; his caddishness is so much more obvious than his other qualities that one wonders how even the most *désœuvrée* woman found him tolerable. And the women are not all at a loose end: they are busy with war-work as well as with love. The physical attractiveness of an ill-natured, sensual egoist is always difficult to convey; and it tends to become more elusive the more an author insists on it. Often, too, one feels irritated with the victims, instead of sorry for them. Not here, however. Janie is a really pathetic figure, and Rose's successive dilemmas are described with admirable insight and sympathy, and with a sense of proportion which is one of Miss Lutyens' best gifts as a novelist.

She has many gifts—the ability, for instance, to portray an episode when feeling runs high, but is prevented, by good breeding, from turning into a vulgar row. Her understanding of human nature—well illustrated in the apology Grantly Long makes for his servitude to his wife—is profound, yet it does not involve, as it easily might, a lowering of standards, or a slide into cynicism. It is, too, completely free from pretentiousness. Relaxed and discursive, Miss Lutyens' way of writing prevents her from getting the fullest dramatic possibilities out of her story, and occasionally she seems to lose her hold on it. But, on the other hand, she does not seem to be interfering with the course of events. They happen naturally.



In future, W.A.A.F.s are to operate nearly all the balloon-barrage sites in Britain. More and more of them are being trained to replace the men, but thousands more are still wanted, as no further men are to take instruction in this work. Our photograph shows a class at a Balloon Training Centre, where a R.A.F. sergeant-instructor is lecturing to W.A.A.F.s on the component parts of a barrage-balloon.

A Family Reunion.

If detective-stories held a mirror up to Nature, insurance companies might well be excused for demanding special terms of anyone purposing to attend a family reunion—so high is the rate of mortality at such functions—and the family gathering at Wulfstane Manor, with which "Rope's End, Rogue's End" opens, proves no exception to the rule. Indeed, four brothers and a sister endowed with strong wills, stronger desires and still stronger emotions, could hardly meet without creating an atmosphere conducive to violence. And the fanatical hold which their magnificent but decaying home exercised over at least three of the family did nothing to reduce the tension.

The criminal deserves to be congratulated, for his plan, as conceived, was ingenious even among ingenious crimes, and only an unpredictable accident revealed it as a crime at all. Inspector Macdonald needed a vivid imagination and no little faith to continue his investigations. He had at least one advantage over the reader—that of seeing the terrain; Mr. Lorac might have provided a sketch plan, for the maze of unused wings, blocked doorways, disused stairs and labyrinths with which the house was supplied is bewildering.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Soldier from the Wars Returning. By Jerrard Tickell. (*Chapman and Hall; 9s. 6d.*)
Night-Work. By John Stuart Arey. (*Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s.*)
Together and Alone. By Mary Lutyens. (*Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.*)
Rope's End, Rogue's End. By E. R. C. Lorac. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

BELITA, and JAMES CAESAR, for dancing as gracefully under the water as they do on top when it's frozen.

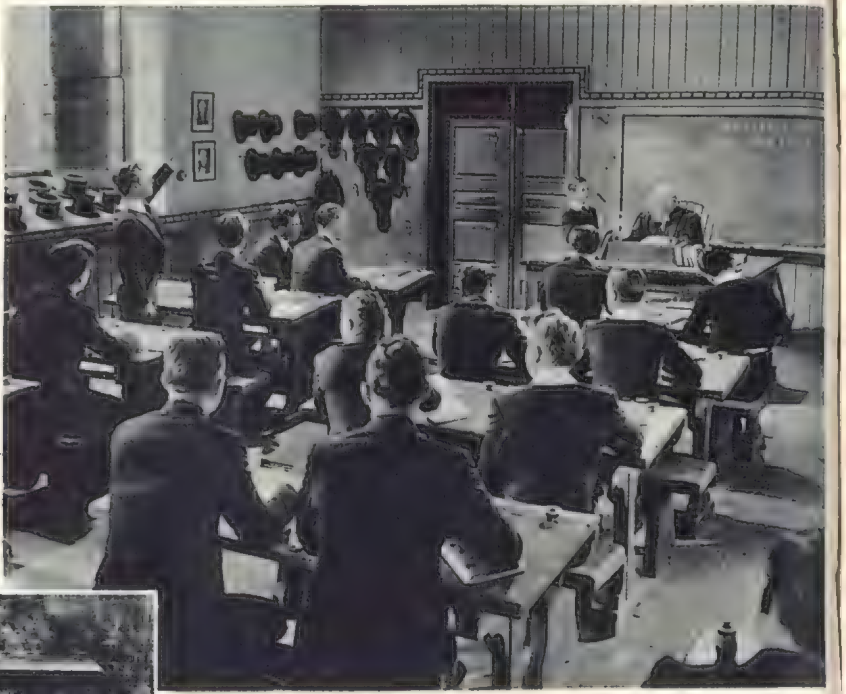
The under-water movements of star skater BELITA *are as fluent and carefree as when she skims the ice-rink at full speed.*

THESE fluid and lovely photographs of the skating ballerina BELITA and her partner, JAMES CÆSAR, were taken from the under-water gallery of the Town House pool at Los Angeles. The net of light and top of the swimming-pool might give ideas to designers of some future submarine ballet sets. Belita's real name is Belita Jepson-Turner. She is English. In 1937 as Maria Belita, she played leading lady in "Rhapsody on Ice" at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, turned into an ice-rink for the occasion. Belita sailed for Hollywood in 1938 to give skating exhibitions there, having been a professional for two years before that, and having starred in an ice ballet at the Mogador Theatre, Paris. In our issue of February 11 we published action photographs from two New York skating revues, "Ice Follies" and "Ice-capades," in which she starred with Sonja Henie and Megan Taylor. Her skating and swimming partner, JAMES CÆSAR, is a former Gulf Coast diving champion.

Left: BELITA *performs an under-water dance number with her skating partner,* JAMES CAESAR.

VERY AMERICAN FILM ETON: BY THE BEST

The American boy is introduced to Eton by his stepfather, and is not impressed: MICKEY ROONEY and IAN HUNTER.



The American Etonian surprises his classmates and the Master (EDMUND GWENN) by his excellent Latin.

Right: FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW and MICKEY ROONEY in the scene when the American gets his football colours after playing brilliantly in a match.

The cross-country run sequences: MICKEY ROONEY meets an awkward obstruction, but gets through it!

MICKEY ROONEY is accused by the Master (EDMUND GWENN), FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW and PETER LAWFORD of "racketeering."

"A YANK AT ETON," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new picture starring MICKEY ROONEY, presents Eton through American eyes, with Mickey as the typical U.S. boy, the star of his high school football team, trying to get the hang of "the best of schools" and failing to do so at the outset of his career. He is sent to Eton, as his mother has married an Englishman as her second husband, and wants to bring up her children as Britishers. Her son is resentful, and finds that Eton traditions bristle with difficulties, although his classical knowledge and business-sense (he organises the fags on a co-operative basis!) are well ahead of the usual standard. His organisation of the fags is not well

MICKEY ROONEY SWEARS OF SCHOOLS.

The Yankee boy explains to the fags how they can organise themselves and co-operate over their errands.

The boy from the States can't get the hang of Eton traditions and customs, and asks for information from RAYMOND SEVERN.

Left: MICKEY ROONEY takes his medicine with a smile; PETER LAWFORD is in the part of the "executioner."

Locked out of his dormitory! The Master unfortunately discovers the American Etonian trying to effect an entry.

received, and he finds himself ostracised. This trouble is followed by another disaster during the holidays, when he is responsible for the death of his stepfather's champion jumper; and in consequence he plans to run away to the States. A real understanding with his stepfather follows, and he goes back to Eton to try again. He is wrongfully accused of wrecking the Master's car, and does not defend himself, as he believes his step-brother Peter to be the culprit. He suddenly finds that this is not the case, hunts out the evildoer, is reinstated by the Master, and wins an important sports event; so all his troubles are smoothed out!

A terrific taxi-ride! JIMMY AUBREY pilots his ancient cab with a very full load of enthusiastic and excited Eton boys.

"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"—SHOW WITH THE WAR LOAN TICKET *PREMIÈRE.*

JOAN LESLIE *and* JAMES CAGNEY, *as George M. Cohan and Mary, in "Yankee Doodle Dandy," the film of Cohan's life.*

Cohan and Sam Harris (RICHARD WHORF; *r.) get Lawrence Schwab* (S. Z. SAKALL) *to back their first production, "Yankee Doodle Dandy."*

George Cohan, at the age of 61, tells Mary that he is going back to the stage to impersonate the President in "I'd Rather be Right."

Charm of the early 19-hundreds; Cohan with the beauty chorus of "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

THE premier London performance of "YANKEE DOODLE DANDY" at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, is fixed for Thursday, October 15, and admission on this occasion will be by the purchase of British War Loan, ranging in price from £5000 to £5! The American Treasury benefited to the extent of 5,750,000 dollars from the New York *première* and 5,780,000 dollars from the Hollywood *première*, so London has something to live up to. The film is the life-story of George M. Cohan, with Cohan lyrics and music, and conjures up theatrical successes of the early years of the century; and the dramatic moments of America's entry into the last war.

IRENE MANNING, *as the famous Fay Templeton, singing one of the song-hits of "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway."*

Cohan and Harris read the news of the sinking of the "Lusitania"—the outrage which brought America into the 1914-18 war.

America sings George M. Cohan's great 1914-18 war song-hit, "Over There"—which becomes almost a national battle-song.

TRIUMPHANT COME-BACK—"NIGHT OF THE GARTER."

Triumph! Jennie Warwick (RENÉ RAY) *displays the jewelled garter to the astonished Bunthorp Phipps* (JACK MELFORD).

Gwendoline Darling (JOAN SHANNON), *original owner of the garter, in the barn with Kenneth Warwick* (MAX KIRBY).

Jennie, crouching in the hay, watches Teddy Darling (NEAL ARDEN) *and Bodger* (SYDNEY HOWARD) *toying with her underwear.*

Bodger, the butler, has a good look at the jewelled garter. Bunny's observation post is not the acme of comfort.

"NIGHT OF THE GARTER," Avery Hopwood's ten-year-old farce, has been revived at the Strand, with Sydney Howard as the imperturbable butler who moves through a maze of misunderstanding and suspicion with superb blandness and poise. The plot and pother are concerned with a honeymoon couple, a jealous husband, a flighty wife, and a richly bejewelled garter. Such happenings as the loss of a lady's clothes, and some very high jinks in the barn of Five Ash Farm on a rainy night, carry the farce along at break-neck speed, and provide a series of guffaw-raising situations.

Bunny modestly averts his face as Jennie, ensconsed in a four-wheeler and wrapped in a horse-blanket, hands out her damp underwear. She has had the misfortune to have her dress stolen, and has taken refuge in the "growler."

The Anti-Cigarette Society arrive at Harry Bronson's wedding-party, to the vast amusement of the guests.

EVELYN LAYE *as Violet Gray, the Salvation Army Girl who impersonates the wicked French actress, Mlle. Bonne-Bouche.*

ENID STAMP TAYLOR *as Cora Angelique, the much-married star of comic opera, complete with feather boa and furbelows.*

Harry Bronson (BILLY TASKER) *gets his first glimpse of Fifi Fricot* (MARION WILSON), *who poses as a Cupid on the wedding cake.*

IRVING KAYE *as Blinky Bill M'Guirk doing his famous whistling solo in Smyler's Candy Store on Broadway.*

Karl von Pumpernick, the Polite Lunatic (DIMITRI VETTER), *tells Ichabod Bronson* (BILLY DANVERS) *that the bomb will explode in five minutes.*

Blinky Bill M'Guirk and Mamie Clancy (JANE CORDA) *in one of their numbers.*

Ichabod Bronson (BILLY DANVERS), *head of the Anti-Cigarette Society, tells the common herd of the unconverted "Of course, you can never be like us, but be as like us as you're able to."*

"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK"—WITH EVELYN LAYE.

"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK," first seen in London in 1898, was then considered one of the most daring, surprising all-American productions imaginable. Emil Littler has revived it at the London Coliseum—and it is no longer surprising, but has retained all its charm. The familiar tunes are as enchanting to the modern generation as they were to the older one, and Evelyn Laye is delightful in the part made famous by Edna May. The strong cast includes Enid Stamp Taylor, Billy Danvers, Marion Wilson and Billy Tasker, and the costumes are admirable.

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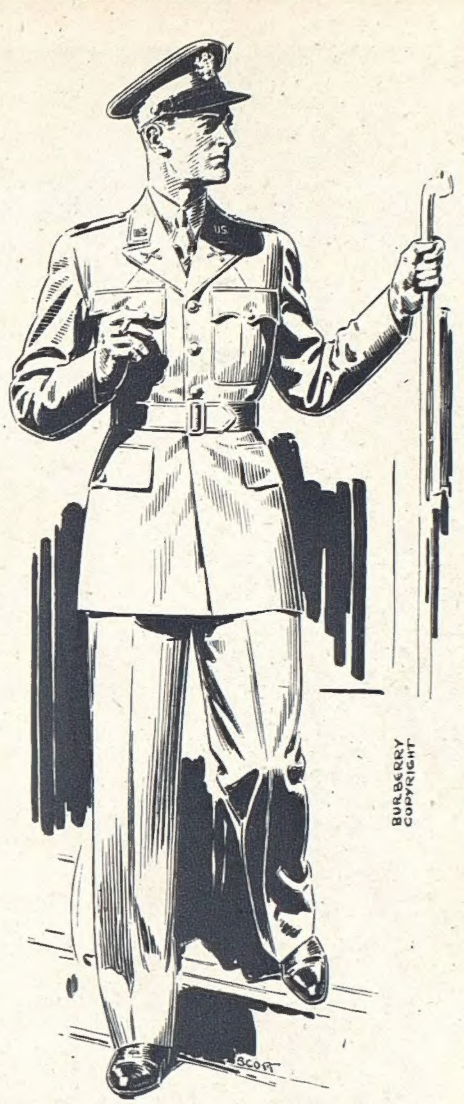

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EXHIBITION OF UTILITY FASHIONS

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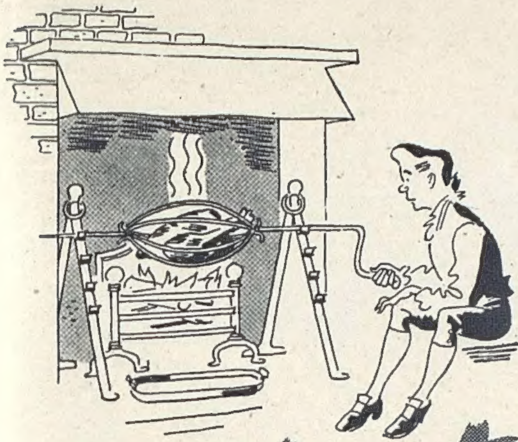
NO woman of discernment could fail to be pleased with the two- and three-piece tailored suits at Finnigans, New Bond Street. The model pictured above consists of a dress and coat carried out in tweed in which coral, ochre and grey shades are present. The former has an ochre yoke to harmonise with the tweed, and short sleeves, the scheme being completed with a narrow belt. Some of the models are arranged with a detachable vest, so that the aspect of the dress may be varied. Again, there are short coats and skirts of tweed and other similar materials. Very warm and simple are the woollies, all of which wash and wear exceedingly well: the colours are very attractive. The autumn felt hats have arrived. Some are simply trimmed with a quill or band of ribbon; an important feature of others is a draped chiffon veil. By the way, a limited number of amusing figures will be seen here in a few weeks; they are destined to take the place of dolls.

THE exhibition of Utility clothes for men and women recently held at Simpsons, Piccadilly, was a great success. It was opened daily by a well-known actress, and the models which were shown are still on view. The dresses, suits and coats were designed by well-known dressmakers, and were sold under the Government price-controlled scheme. There were stockings, blouses, sweaters and cardigans. Pictured on right of this page is a simple house-frock with patch pockets, which may, of course, be companioned with a fur or wrap coat. The little frocks suitable for wear throughout the day can be slipped on in the fraction of a second, and so can all the Utility dresses. As a winter coat is a necessity, it is pleasant news that a man's unwanted overcoat can be remade for a woman. This is so skilfully done that no one will have any idea of its origin. Of course, coupons are not needed.



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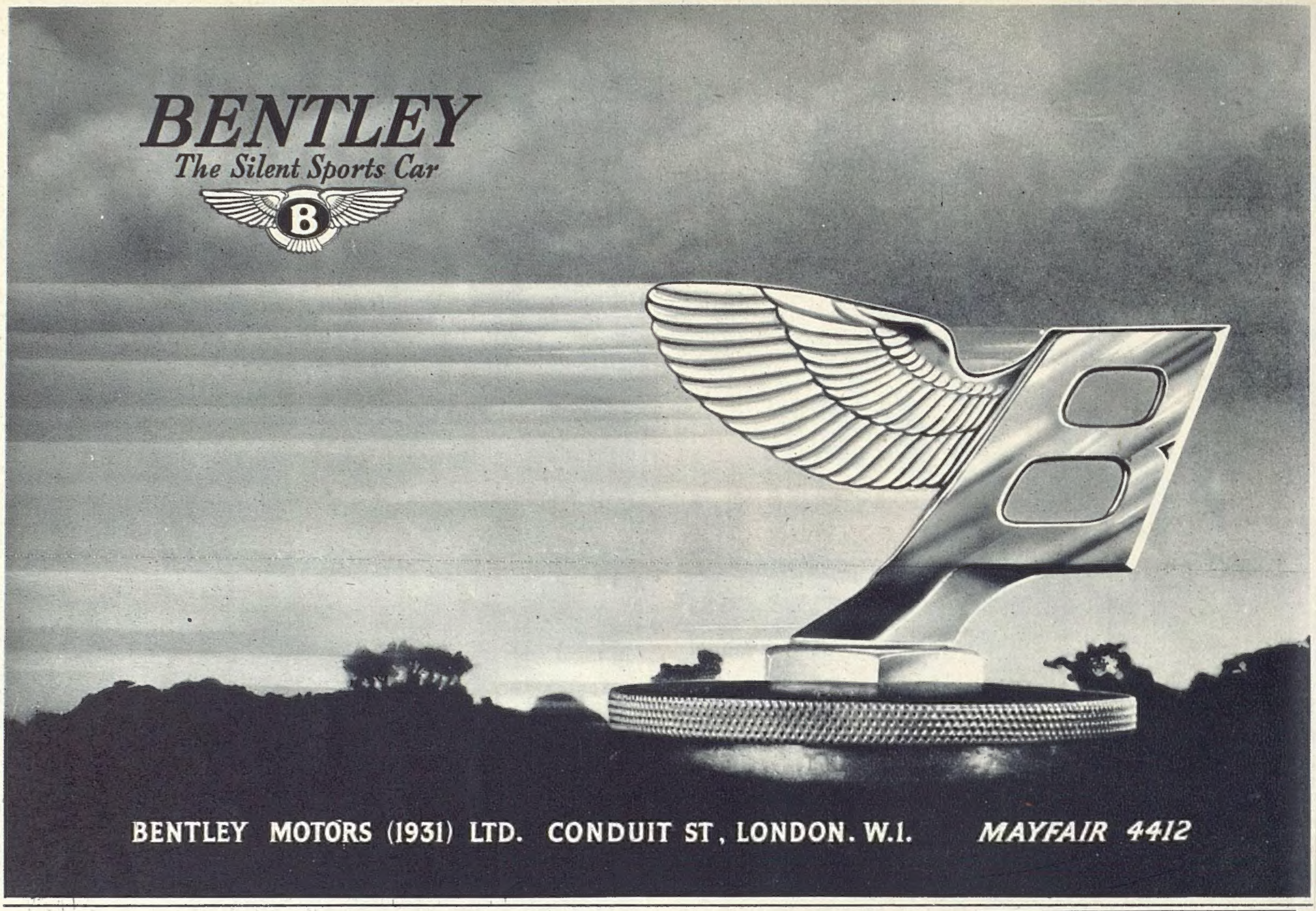

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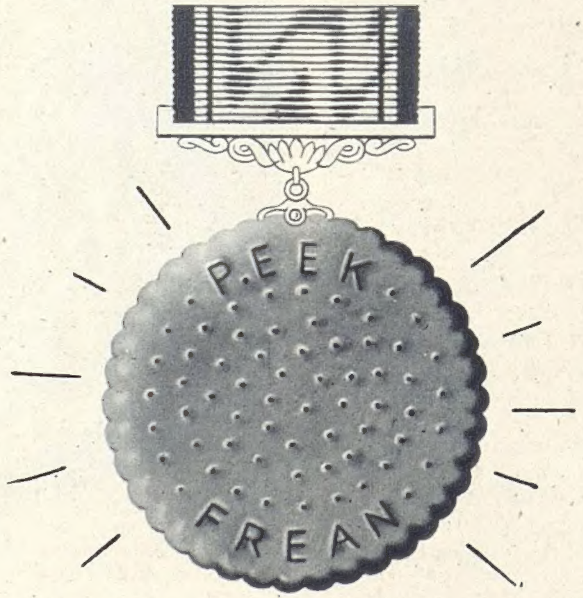

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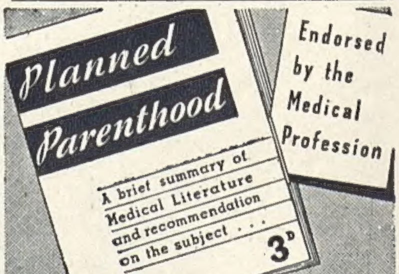

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